

*Will.* Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.  
*Flu.* Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

*King.* Call him hither to me, Souldier.

*Will.* I will my Liege.

*Exit.*

*King.* Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

*Flu.* Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agree'd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

*King.* Know'st thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my deare friend, and please you.

*King.* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him.

*Exit.*

*King.* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue given him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargain should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it:

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of *Exeter*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower and Williams.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

*Enter Fluellen.*

*Flu.* Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this Gloue?

*Flu.* Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

*Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*Strikes him.*

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

*Gower.* How now Sir? you Villaine.

*Will.* Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

*Flu.* Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no Traytor.

*Flu.* That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfons*.

*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*

*Warw.* How now, how now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, prayd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

*Enter King and Exeter.*

*King.* How now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*.

*Will.* My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlye and witnesse, and will aouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

*King.* Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd'st to strike,

And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

*Flu.* And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

*King.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

*King.* It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

*King.* Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,

And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:

And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettel enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrells and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

*Will.* I will none of your Money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter Herald.*

*King.* Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

*Herald.* Heere is the number of the slaughtered French.

*King.* What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

*Exe.* *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King,

*John* Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Boucheignald*:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

*King.* This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead

One hundred twentie six: added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,

Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,

There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.  
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:  
*Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,  
*Jaques* of *Chatillon*, Admirall of France,  
 The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,  
 Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,  
*John* Duke of *Alanfon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Strabant*,  
 The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundie*,  
 And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of lustie Earles,  
*Grandpre* and *Rossie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,  
*Beaumont* and *Murle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrals*.  
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death.  
 Where is the number of our English dead?  
*Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,  
 Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire;  
 None else of name: and of all other men,  
 But fiue and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:  
 And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,  
 Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,  
 But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaille,  
 Was euer knowne so great and little losse?  
 On one part and on th'other, take it God,  
 For it is none but thine.

*Exe.* 'Tis wonderfull.

*King.* Come, goe me in procession to the Village:

And be it death proclaim'd through our Hoast,

To boast of this, or take that praye from God,

Which is his onely.

*Flu.* Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell

how many is kill'd?

*King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

*King.* Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charitie enclosed in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

*Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Chorus.*

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,  
 That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,  
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life,  
 Be here presented. Now we beare the King  
 Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there scene,  
 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,  
 Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach  
 Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,  
 Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,  
 Which like a mightie Whiffer 'fore the King,  
 Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,  
 And solemnly see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now  
 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:  
 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne  
 His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword  
 Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

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 Giuing full  
 Quite from  
 In the quick  
 How Lond  
 The Maior  
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 As by a low  
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*Pist.* Ha  
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*Pist.* No  
*Flu.* Th  
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*Pist.* Ba  
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